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MONDAY EVENING, JULY 4.

**THE WORLD** will not, under any circumstances, hold itself responsible for the return or safe-keeping of any rejected manuscripts, pictures, or other correspondence or valuable articles. No exceptions will be made to this rule with regard to either letters or documents. See will the editor enter into correspondence concerning unprinted manuscripts.**The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.****The Third Party** is picking out its socket.**Burning firecrackers** is a leading infant industry to-day.**Makes the most of this Fourth.** It's 365 days to the next one.**The wonder is how the world got along before there was a Fourth of July.****The man who goes fishing thinks he has the best line on how to celebrate.****That man runs away from quiet who goes out of town to look for it to-day.****Pyrotechnics are promised all the week in the House at Washington, with the silver light renewed.****There is to be a war of cigarette manufacturers. If it proves one of extermination there will be little public grief.****Labor and capital armed and sentinelled against each other at Homestead do not present a pleasing Independence Day spectacle.****The Missouri woman who saved a book agent from a mad bull has earned the right to be let alone by the rest of the fraternity of canvassers.****A visit from Guy Fawkes to the Peck-Hill camp would not have caused as much excitement as marked the visit of yesterday's wind and rain storm.****The house which was the scene of the Bochimurder in Williamsburg is said to be haunted. Probably by the ghosts of dead clues to the murderer.****Even the most hardened sceptic of them all must have felt for a few moments while yesterday's rain was falling on New York that there might be something in the Bible story of how the flood came down.****Firecrackers, a boy and a cigarette almost a million dollar bonfire at San Jose, Cal., a day ahead of celebration time. It was a brilliant occasion, but it is doubtful if even the boy really enjoyed it.****Paris Anarchists have held a meeting and resolved to blow up Montreuil Prison and rescue the condemned man. Paris police will hardly need a formal session to resolve that nothing of the kind shall be done.****The most cruel thing that could be done to the "patriots" who are constantly talking fight in the matter of the Lehigh Sea-bochings, would be to put on a simulation of a war with somebody, and put them in the front line of battle.****Even the doctors are flying from the cholera at Baku. It is the safe way, and perhaps few men are calculated to stand upon the heroic order of action in the face of such odds as the frightful pestilence carries in a district where thorough sanitization is unknown.****Capt. Bonac denies that he gave any information concerning the French fortifications to Germany or Italy. He secured the secrets in order to forward them to Washington. Well, does this excuse the act? What did our Government want with these secrets procured by bribing a French official to betray his trust?****Gunpowder is not to be trusted. A number of old boxes apparently filled with mud were found by some visitors to Fort Pike yesterday. While they were examining this "mud," a spark from a lighted cigarette fell on one of the boxes. Result: Dr. S. Knapp, of New Orleans, blown twenty feet away, and Charles Horner killed. Why will people smoke cigarettes?****There was no "I will return" notice about the \$200 which departed unexpectedly from a Dubuque bank fourteen years ago. But it has come back just the same. Restraint forced the man who, through a teller's mistake, got the money to send it to the bank others with word of explanation. This is one of the most practical instances of last-moment vindictiveness on record.****A guillotine has been imported into China, and a correspondent gives the information that its first operation in killing off the head of a murderer was carried out "with the chilling delight of a mob of natives." Missionaries will fail to notice by how simple a device the untutored minds of these Amaranites have thus been aroused to fresh and vulgar interest in the affairs of people who are as they are.****Baltimore's Chinatown has just had a visit from a real mandarin. When the fat man left the Celestials of the Druid they were so prostrated that they could not even murmur a good-by. This must have been the effect of various potions. But if what? It was due to liberal portions of Rhine wine used in the ceremonies of welcome to the mandarins. Perhaps, after all, the men who**

drew up the Exclusion bill had not sounded all the possibilities of becoming Americanized which lie in the innermost souls of the Chinese.

**NOISY JUBILATION.**

If powder-crackers and parrotion caps are any test of the people's patriotism, then New York is certainly a city of patriots. From midnight last night explosive noises have been deafening, and there appears to be a fair prospect that the ammunition, which means the east capital of the celebration, will not give out before midnight to-night.

If the day passes without accident it will be fortunate and gratifying. Many a disgruntled soul, many a single-eyed or short-fingered man in the United States tells of the enthusiasm with which Fourth of July is too frequently celebrated, and the records of the Fire Department show that crackers are not always the only things that are burned in honor of the glorious anniversary.

In San Jose, Cal., the celebration commenced yesterday, and the result was the destruction of three squares of buildings, including a church, a theatre, a hotel and a number of stores and dwellings. As the less reaches about \$1,000,000, it is rather an expensive bonfire for the Fourth, and all the mischief was caused by the careless throwing of a lighted cigarette among the fire-crackers on a street stand.

It is to be hoped that no such celebration will be held in New York, although our good friends the Sabatarians will insist that the San Jose disaster was due to keeping Monday's jubilee on a Sunday.

**HONORABLE LEADERS.**

The People's party seems to be anxious to make Judge Christian its nominee for President, but the Judge has stated positively that he will not accept. Several of the delegates still hope to induce him to reconsider his refusal, but there does not appear to be any prospect that their effort will succeed.

Under these circumstances the party is beating the bushes for a candidate in other directions. Gen. Weyman is the favorite of the occasion. He is willing, but somehow the majority of the delegates do not take kindly to him, and a movement more or less organized in opposition has resulted in an imposing call for Senator James H.人间 Kinnick of South Dakota.

Senator Kinnick is only thirty-eight years of age. When asked yesterday whether he would accept the nomination of the Omaha Convention should it be offered him he hesitated to decide, although he conceded that it would be a coveted honor, inasmuch as he thinks the party to be much stronger than is generally believed. Happy in their own estimation, the world is looking for anybody else, and a movement more or less organized in opposition has resulted in an imposing call for Senator James H.人间 Kinnick of South Dakota.

It is a momentous day for big and little folk. Independence becomes once again the day and gives to life a pleasant phase that is always gratefully appreciated at this time of year. The delightful weather makes existence comfortable and, after all, constitutes a great celebration of the human race.

Everybody was so anxious so that he or she can get any enjoyment at all out of life is getting a day, forgetful of all other personal trials and troubles, oblivious of the sun's rays indifferent to the destruction and misery that cover other houses. Happy in their own estimation, the world is looking for anybody else, and in the majority of cases resulting without that earnest of all to come in every way.

The delegates declare that they will finish their work to-day, and that their candidate shall have the prestige of having been nominated on the nation's great anniversary.

It is a momentous day, though, that people throughout the country will turn to those who stand by sympathy but reluctantly bid the final adieu to the ones they know the persons another could give a little lesson the pleasure and brightness of life of others.

The good neighbors of last evening and this morning will not last all through the summer. Little and the romps on the porch and streets, the uncoordinated bands of the people, today may be getting to the point of disbanding, but in a week's time, summing up the experience in the radiant days when many people will be busier and more intent on having than at any other time. Many of those who are children of the poor, whose parents are now watched by poverty, whose parents have no means with which to bathe against even the slightest ailment, bathes with the chances of recovery from disease are almost nil, yet, indeed, will never get through the siege of pain and passing of hunger unless and then, again, give some time and a few cents more for the next day and make a little better use of what is available for the summer is over.

Everything went as smoothly as a horse made until the West Prussian franken sent along a photograph in which both sides of her face were made to appear as symmetrical as a campaign hat but fresh from the shelf, and every lineament had been arranged with Phidian neatness and accuracy by the retoucher of the negative.

If the young woman had a wart on her nose, or a piece of her ear was gone or her eyes were playing tag with each other through the tangled brush of her eyebrows, the speaking eyes did not say a word about it. In the picture she was a superb sort of Helen. Narcissus bending over the brook and contemplating his own reflection, saw nothing so wonderfully beautiful as the Rivington street Romeo found when he regarded the counterpart presentation of his faraway Juliet. He was so delighted with it that he wrote to come on if she was as fair as the photo and he would marry her.

She had the confidence of her sex in her good looks, and came to her yesterday at Ellis Island, and immediately then formed a string of idles between their once burning hearts. In the eyes of the Rivington street Romeo she did not come within several degrees of equalling his handsomeness as her picture so he shook her on the spot. Now the poor girl, loveless and luckless, is waiting on Ellis Island for the future to come along and do something for her.

She has many of those West Prussian photos we admire so highly up and do her long-distance love-making thereafter with lonely heartbroken Englishmen or Coney Island tin-types. Either that, or in the summer and bright petals of the Fourth Ward, she will have to change her face.

**THE CLEANER.**

Mr. James J. Bowes has given up journalism for the study of heraldry. On Wednesday he leaves New York for a month's sojourn in the country. On his return he will write down to the world of getting a big place in his new vocation.

David Belasco's new play is finished and will be in Managers' Choice's hands. I am told that it will open in the Empire Theatre on Broadway, and that Lady Winterberg's "Fan" will be held in reserve in case of producer.

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**THINK OF THE BABIES.**

**Let Not These Balmy Days Make You Forget Terrible Ones Ahead.**

**The Summer Will Yet Find Many Children Sick and Dying.**

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